ear Clarence

BY GRACE SARTWELL MASON

Presenting a Series of Singular Coincidences in the Experience of a Young Engaged Couple.

an engagement with me on account of business... that's all right, of course... but where do I come courses... but where do I come in?... And he was so cheerful about it, too... Susan! Is it possible you are getting... stale?"

Walking over to the long mirror between the two windows, she regarded herself closely.
"There is nothing the matter with me, to look at." she said, peering wistfully. "But there's something wrong, somewhere. Almost three years! A long time to be semi-engaged to a man."

saged to a man.

She turned around and looked again at the room. A pretty room, very inviting, with shaded lamps and a fire of little logs. Susan's home, so peaceful, so gracious that the wonder was any man could ever get enough of it. And yet Andrew's office un-doubtedly looked better to him. Slowly she changed from the new

Slowly she changed from the new dinner frock to a simple dark silk; deftly she made herself an omelet and a pot of chocolate. For business women must eat.

Susan thought things out as she ate. She had been most awfully in love with Andrew Towne at the beginning. But stop! "Had been?" She was still. Yes, indeed, indeed.

But Andrew was so deadly sure of her.

her.

She leaned back her head and stared up at the ceiling. "Competition," she thought drearily, "is said to be the life of trade. Susan, there isn't any competition."

Susan piayed Bach and Grieg Soft-ly, absent-mindedly. Then Andy told her some more about McKim. At 10:40 he rose decisively. "Must beat it, Susan! Got to get to work early tomorrow morning. You're a dear, Susie; so comfy."

"Do you love me, Andrew?" Andrew kissed her benignly, She

Andrew kissed her benignly. She turned away with a half sigh.
Her eyes fell on the writing table and the "Atlantic Monthly." A deep light came into her eyes. But she sat on the piano bench and played a bit of "Tristan and Isolde" carelessly with one hand as she asked:
"Want something to read going up th the bus. Andv?" in the bus, Andy?"
"What you got? Finished with this 'Atlantic'?"

Her eyes were on the music before her. "Uh-huh," she murmured absently. "Take it along."

* * * * *

THUS it happened that Clarence THUS it happened that Clarence went out the door under Andrew's arm. Susan gave a little skip of malice and happiness. "Dear Clarence!" she whispered.

Then she took a book and went to bed and sat reading. In less than one hour came the sharp ring of the telephone bell

ephone bell.
"Hello? Oh, Andy! No, you didn't wake me—What? You found a let-ter? What letter?—Oh-h-h! that!"

A silence. Then Susan's voice turn-ed rather cold: "And did you read it, Andrew?"

Andrew?:
Andrew's tone was jocular:
"Read it? I could hardly help it, could !? The thing tumbled out all over the place. I had to find out if it was something I ought to take right back to your "Course, I read it I

back to you. 'Course I read it. I say, Susie, who is the precious guy?"
"Really, Andrew!" Susan's voice continued slightly leed. "He's a rather remarkable man."
"So I gathered from your fervid

"So I gathered from your fervid yle. Known him long?" "Didn't you also gather that from my style?"
"Well. you never told me anything

"Lots of things I never told you anything about, Andy. How dull you'd find me if there weren't,"
"Umph! I must say I don't understand you tonight, Susan. Your voice sounds as if you're laughing. Are

'Yours sounds as if you're scowling. Are you?"
"Oh, well, if repartee is all you're handing out, I'll ring off. Just thought it would only be decent to find out what you want done with this Clarence letter. Shall I mail it, or do you want

t sent down by special messenger to-

with laughter.
"Dear Clarence!" sighed Susan.
"I'm glad I thought of you. I wonder
what color your eyes are?"
Susan dropped asleep. But the first
person she thought of when she
awakened in the morning was Clar-

"He's going to be a perfect dear," she exulted. "You'll have to watch your step, old Andy!" That very day old Andy telephoned Susan and asked her to dine with him that evening.

Susan thanked him prettily and accepted. When Andrew appeared he brought flowers.

It was not until they had reached dessert that Clarence became a third

bother."
Andrew fidgeted with an ash tray.
"Well, I hope Clarence gets it in
time," he brought out finally, with a
tinge of patronage.
"Oh! I hope so, too," returned
Susan. I want so much to see him as
soon as he gets here."
"I suppose the guy's in love with
you." Andrew was onenly sulky now.

posite. Her lips crinkled up at the

"How nice you look tonight, Clarence," she murmured. "I like that new scarf of yours. Did you buy it to please me?" "Rather!" came back Clarence

"Rather!" came back Clarence promptly. "And for another reason, too. There's a thread of blue in it that's just the blue of your eyes. Your eyes are lovely, did you know that Susan?" that, Susan?"

cepted. When Andrew appeared he brought flowers.

It was not until they had reached dessert that Clarence became a third member of the party.

"Got that letter back all right?" inquired Andrew. "Mailed it as soon as I had telephoned you."

"Yes, thanks, I am sorry you had to bother."

"On, my dear," she whispered, "don't ever get too busy to say nice things like that to me."

Now the human imagination is like the boomerang, a treacherous plaything. On this lonely evening Clarence took a long leap toward actual life.

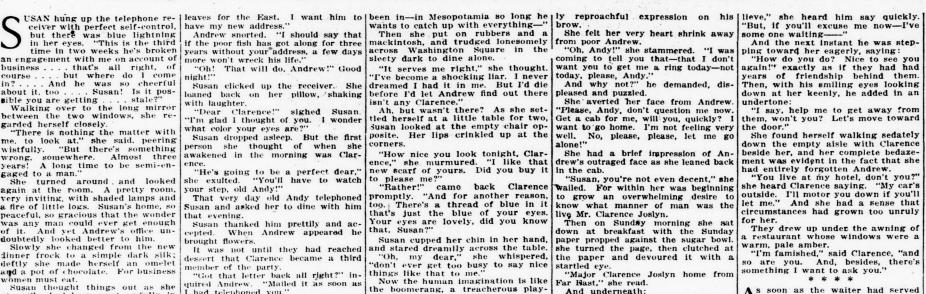
Bit by bit, he became endowed with all of the qualities Susan most liked n a man.
Then at noon one day Andrew tele phoned her. His voice sounded dog-ged and rather peremptory. Andrew commanded her to meet him at Tif-

startled eye.

"Major Clarence Joslyn home from
Far Bast," she read.

"Major Joslyn, recently of the British Army, arrived Wednesday on the 'Ariadne' after two years in Arabia and Persia." Mr. Joslyn will be remembered for a picturesque undertaking in which he mapped the ancient irrigation which he mapped the ancient irrigation system of Babylonia from an airplane. For this purpose he was lent by the United States Government to the British Army, in which he was given the rank of major. At that time the papers were full of this exploit, both on account of the papers were full of this exploit, both on account of the papers were sent to the fact that

Yes, yes, you're quite right, I be



tered. mirror,"

She could dimly recan not read of the reconstruction of the lost waterways of Babylonia, and something in the account hed undoubtedly captured her imagination. Eagerly she turned again to the paper.

"Under the auspices of the Geographical Society" she read, "Mr. Joslyn will give a series of three lectures, beginning this week Friday evening * ½ * accept a strong man hitting kindling axcept a strong man hitting kindling axcept a strong man hitting kindling avour self some gin this evening. Mg. Editor, and maybe you will see what I saw.



"Good gracious, no! Of course, 1 THE NAME PIERCED THROUGH SUSAN'S CONSCIOUSNESS LIKE A LIGHTNING THRUST IN A MURKY SKY.

soon as the waiter had served

table.
"Look here, what I want to know is this," he said. "What happened in your mind the other day when the boy paged me in the hotel?"
"Why should I tell you?" she coun-

aid.

She did so, and met her own face, any one really alive?"

so are you. And, besides, there's something I want to ask you."

As soon as the waiter had them and withdrawn himself, Clarence leaned eagerly across the

"Lean forward and look into that



SUSAN PLAYED SOFTLY, ABSENT MINDEDLY.

transformed, as if some lamp of the spirit newly lighted shone through it. "You see," cried Clarence, "that's what I saw the other day. One minute you were sitting there just a dim sort of girl with something troubling you, and the next you were all alight and beautiful.

Was it?" "Yes."
"Ah! But why?"

Her eyes searched his face wist-fully. Then she asked: "Do you believe that it is possible to create another person out of nothing but a scrap of memory until that person becomes more real to you than any one really alive?"

coffee.

"I—don't—know," she murmured thoughtfully. "You see, he and I have some happy memories in common. He expects me to marry him."

Clarence merely kept on smiling.

His eyes smiled understandingly. "It's a gift most lonely persons have. But you know what it means, don't you? That the right flesh-and-blood person hasn't come along."

were not so sure. You were worry-ing about something. Are you in love with that man?"

The Eve in her stirred for one last

nave. But you know what it means, don't you? That the right flesh-and-blood person hasn't come along."

"Ah, but I thought he had!"

"But the other day in the hotel you were not so sure. You were worrying about something. Are you in ove with that man?"

The Fig. 1. Let 1.

He leaned forward and covered her

The Eve in her stirred for one last time. She remembered that competition is the life of trade. She looked into the depths of her cup of black of relief, she laid it before her com-

Togo's Adventures in the South Seas.

HER RECREATION

never anything so perfectual as that.

Boo & hoo!"

"There are sifficient rain here without your crying all over it," I pronounce. "Then why those subs?"

"This are Paradise," he negotiate, "without any Eave! I come to So "This are Paradise," he negotiate,
"Without any Eave! I come to So
Seas on a love-hunt. Yet what I find
of femaline attentions?"

"There were the beau-legged beauty what chassed you to boat." I
narrate

narrate.
"Bernard Pshaw!" he growell.
"She wish to sell me her sick grand-"Be strengthened, Nogi," I dibili-tate. "Soonly we shall arrive to Ta-hiti, famus for French-speaking hab-its. In such a climate Hon. Walter

They are pretty fair.

But we wouldn't walk a mile for them.

"Most of the Passengers are fat;

Two of them look like Mutt and Jeff.

The Resolute has three big smokestacks.

"How they learn to do that?" I ask then Papers are fat;

"How they learn to do that?" I ask then Papers to the papers.

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will give a series of three lectures, beginning this week Friday evening. *\frac{\pi}{\pi} \text{ * * * * * * * *

THAT afternoon Susan strolled into the Public Library. When she emerged therefrom she was probably some of the same probably and they had nothing to do with his and they had nothing to make the would have a series of the subject of Mr. Clarence lossly, and they had nothing to do with his allow of the work of the series of the subject of Mr. Clarence in the flesh that she would unmarried.

Suman's motive in attending Clarence, she were she would be so disappointed in Clarence in the flesh that she would a come away cured.

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million \$ & have been there 2 yrs with 2 night watchman @ 250\$ prononth. There are no gas in those tanks because U. S. Govt feels too poor to pay for such a useless article. Thusly economy pays, even when the price are cansiderable high.

While steaming 4th from Pago Pago harbor I find Cousin Nogi in candition of weeping.

"Look at beauty of that scenario," he wep, "valleys running over with blooming vegetables amidst mountain jags filled with foliage. We have observed all kinds of Paradise, yet never anything so perfectual as that. Boo & hoo!"

"There are sifficient rain here with-

Then of suddenly following happen:

Then of suddent,
She stop.
Nogi drop.
When nextly observed my dearte
cousin were splunged into sea &
swimming to ship with expression
peculiar to gentleman who are willing to meet several sharks.
Hoping you are the same.
Yours truly,
HASHIMURA TOGO.

DRIVE AGAINST RATS

HE recent drive by the Department of Agriculture in twenseven states east of the Mississippi River to get 'rid of the rat plague that had become menacing has brought to light a new method, discovered in Denmark, of exterminating rats and mice without the use of either traps or poisons.

Rats had become so bad in Denmark, and the losses from their destructive habits, especially along the seaport towns, were running so high that the government grew alarmed. Then, too, there was the danger of bubonic plague, which is carried only by the rats. The government financed a group of scientists to find a method of killing rats more rapidly than the rats could breed. After long and costly experiments, they succeeded in producing a virus which they named ratin.

Ratin in a bacterial culture containing millions of garms held in a

a pan has given

machinery, which extracts the parameter of the parameter

held have ever, that is not the end. The conception may be true to life, but the picture must be drawn correctly, and the only way to do that is to know what the usual procedure is in certain circumsher her her dial an usual procedure is in certain circumsher at the entrance to a culvert. Presumably it is at once removed to the morgue. But the writer must know exactly what the procedure is at the holding of an autopsy if he is going to describe the scene. It is only in this way that the picture can be presented correctly. And so, it can be seen that endless research is necessary for the successful story teller. Writing stories is hard work, but there is an irresistible fascination about it which makes me forget its difficulties.

succeeded in producing a virus which they named ratin.

Ratin in a bacterial culture containing millions of germs held in a liquid solution. It is absolutely harmless to man or animals, including poultry. This liquid with its load of germs, like other poisons is put on food in places that the rats frequent. The results are not apparatus but a pan has given place to the costly installation of mining machinery, which extracts the precious may have lurking about it some feature slightly different from almost the same incident in other circumstances and rous laboratory experiments and

necting three rooms intersect, the chimney comes down and rests on a in turn, supported by four steel columns. These rest on a reinforced concrete foundation. The grate, ma t stances.

Germany, hearing of the preparation, had her scientists conduct an investigation. Their reports were so satisfactory that the German governto a special design of three-quarte



during the last 12 years.

Miss Lincoln was born in Washington. She is the daughter of the late Nathan Smith and Jeannie Thomas Lincoln. She was educated at Miss Filint's with the sheet of sixty. Let when the sheet of the shee coin. She was educated at all siss rinter private school for girls. Later she took up writing as a profession, and has held various positions where her talents have been put to practical use. At present she is editor of the D. A. R. Magazine, which is published at headquarters in the National Capital. She writes her stories as a diversion.

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her known throughout the English-read-ing world. She has written 15 books and numerous short stories for magazines luring the last 12 years.

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Underwood

MISS NATALIE SUMNER LINCOLN.